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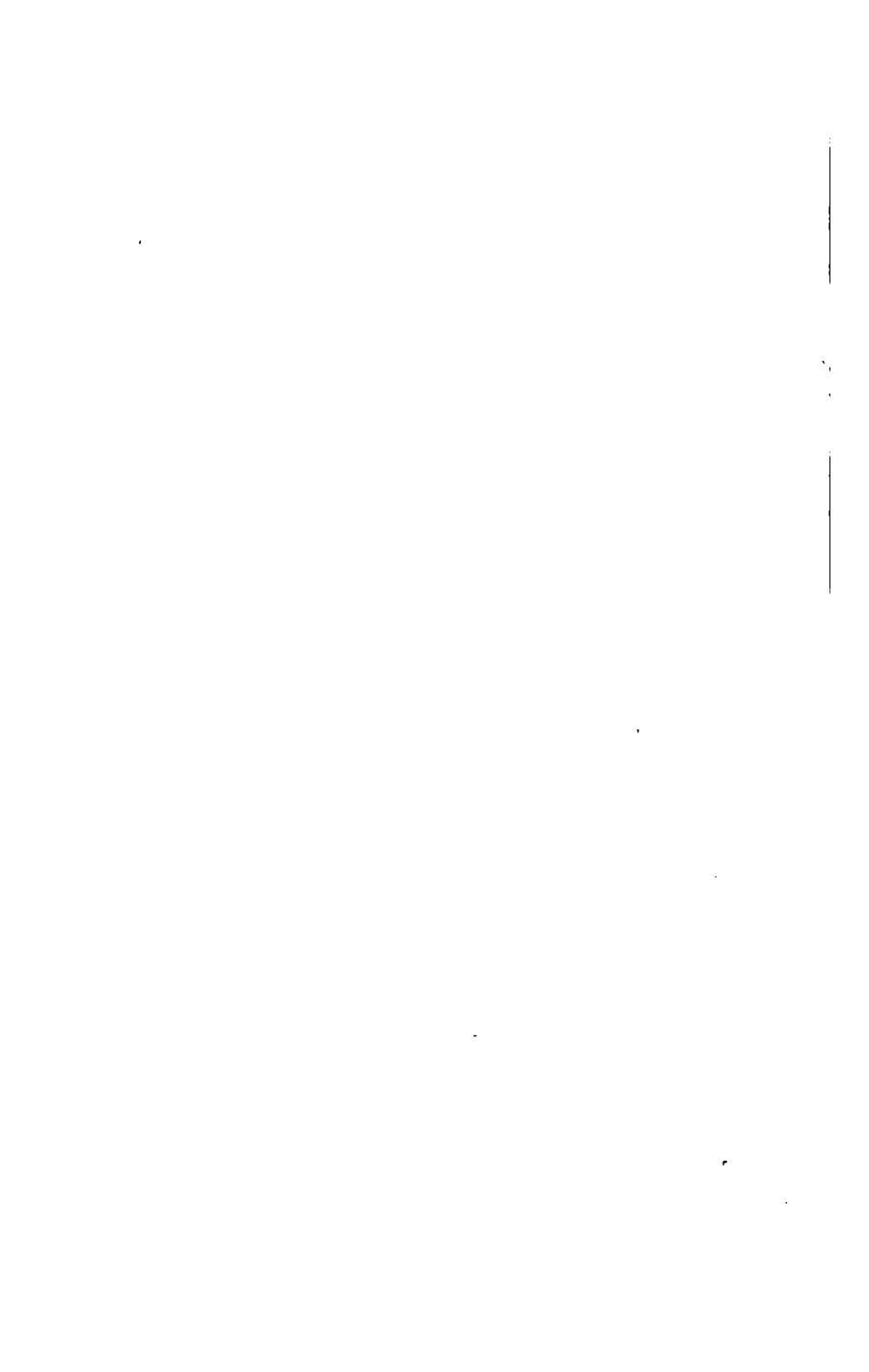
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# THE FUGITIVES.

Page 33.



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STAR

EMANCIPATION.

ed thing that have beauty, there is nothing to make  
for Liberty."—*Milton*

BOSTON

FOR THE FAIR OF THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY OF  
EMANCIPATION SOCIETY.

15





THE NATIVE AMERICAN

**ST A R**  
**OF**  
**EMANCIPATION.**

---

"In all things that have beauty, there is nothing to man more comely than Liberty."—*Milton.*

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**BOSTON :**  
**FOR THE FAIR OF THE MASSACHUSETTS FEMALE**  
**EMANCIPATION SOCIETY.**  
**1841.**

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## P R E F A C E.

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Our "STAR OF EMANCIPATION" appears before the public with no great pretensions. We do not intend to vie with Virgil or Shakspeare in point of plot or tragedy, but we are assured that the sentiments we utter in the item of *Practice*, (which, by the way, in these days of Theory, is one of no small importance,) contain far more of truth and value, and of that which Longfellow tells us Life is,—Reality, than much of the writings of either of the above personages.

With what degree of brilliancy our *Star* shines forth, is left for the reader to decide. That *Star* which *has* guided, and we hope will *still* guide many a refugee to Victoria's dominions, is not

one of the first magnitude. In its *position* and *stability* consists its merit.

If our "Star" shine from the right point in the moral heavens, and with a certain light, though it be not one of the first magnitude, it serves the end at which we aim,—the deliverance of the bound. With this single object in view, we commend its pages to the friends of humanity.

In behalf of the Massachusetts Female Emancipation Society,

THE COMPILERS.

## ALL SPEAK OF THEE.

Inscribed on every tree  
With branches waving free,  
On cliffs far reaching, lone,  
On every little stone,  
On Ocean's vasty deep,  
Where low the mermaids sleep,—  
On monsters huge and dread,  
Who make the sea their bed,—  
On little fish that blink  
Along the river's brink ;—  
On every little rill,  
Whose kiss revives the hill,  
Where springs the gentle flower,  
That blossoms for an hour ;—  
On every living thing,  
With fin or spangled wing,—  
On every bird that flies  
With one, or thousand dyes,  
From her who sits bald, throned,  
With blood red beak alone,  
To the sweet nightingale

In grove or love-lit vale,—  
On every odorous breeze  
Lingering among the trees,—  
On every little fly,  
That flits before the eye ;—  
On every sparkling star  
That speaks to us from far,  
E'en from the distant gleam  
Of Mercury's moony beam,  
Whose car all brilliant flies  
On errands through the skies ;—\*  
On every secret thought  
By Inspiration wrought,  
Yea, on God's spotless throne,  
Dazzling with light its own,  
Heaven and all earth can see  
Inscribed,—Liberty !

FELICIA.

*Boston, Sept. 1841.*

\* The rapidity with which Mercury flies is so great (more than 100,000 miles an hour) that the Grecian Astronomers considered it the messenger of the gods, and hence they represented it with wings at its head and feet, from which is derived the character used to represent it.

## CONTENTS.

---

All Speak of Thee, . . . . .	6
The Western Stars, . . . . .	9
Where is the Captive's Home? . . . . .	13
The Stranger, . . . . .	16
"Open thy Mouth for the Dumb," . . . . .	19
Oppression, . . . . .	21
An Appeal to America on Behalf of the Slave, . . . . .	23
Persevere, . . . . .	25
Song of the Ransomed Captive, . . . . .	26
Sycophancy, . . . . .	28
Liberty, . . . . .	29
The Fugitives, . . . . .	37
The Refugee Mother in Canada, . . . . .	69
Mary S. Parker, . . . . .	74
Stanzas, Suggested by the Death of Mary S. Parker, . . . . .	77
Letter from Thomas Clarkson, . . . . .	80
The Fugitive's Welcome, . . . . .	83
Mind is Free, . . . . .	85
Compassion, . . . . .	86

---



The Slave Auction, . . . . .	87
Lines to Thomas Clarkson, Esq., . . . . .	92
Lines, Addressed to the American Delegates, . . . .	93
Slavery, . . . . .	94
The Liberty Banner, . . . . .	97
To Joseph Sturge, Esq., . . . . .	100
The Ballot Box, . . . . .	102
The Freed Captive, . . . . .	104
Stanzas, to the Women of Great Britain, . . . .	106

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## STAR OF EMANCIPATION.

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### THE WESTERN STARS.

BY G. B. HOLMES.

“ L'esprit des temps rejoint ce que la mer sipare,  
“ Le titre de famille est ecrit en tout lieu.  
“ L'homme n'est plus francais, anglais, romain, barbare,  
“ Il est concitoyen de l'empire de Dieu !  
“ Les neurs des nations s'ecroulent en poussieres,  
“ Les langues de Babel retrouvent l' unite,  
“ L' Epangile refait avec toutes ces pierres  
“ Le temple de l' humanite ! ”

A. DE LAMARTINE.

The stars—the stars—the glorious stars !  
There's not a cloud their beauty mars,  
As, onward, beaming love and light,  
They wander through the “stilly night.”  
But what are ye, embanner'd there,  
In constellation bright and fair ?

Young Freedom's stars ! alas ! ye wave  
In mockery o'er yon fetter'd slave !  
For this did countless millions pour  
From free Britannia's distant shore ?  
Did this her injured sons beguile  
From green Ierne's sorrowing isle ?  
It could not and it must not be,  
The world proclaims that Afric's free.

Sons of the West ! on bended knee,  
Their rights, as men, your captives crave,  
And must the astonish'd nations see  
That Freedom's home is Freedom's grave ?  
Sons of the West ! I see again  
O'er broken chains your banner move,  
Meet emblem of yon glittering train,  
That sparkles with eternal love !

Are they not men, the swarthy hosts  
That teem on Afric's burning coasts ?  
And they, where sunbeams dimly glow,  
The stunted, fur-clad Esquimaux ?  
Are they not men, that noble race  
Your thirst for gold would fain efface ?  
Oh, let them in their woods be free,  
The Seminole—the Cherokee !

Say, where are they, when first he came,  
Who joy'd in "Father Ona's" name ;—  
Who call'd their own "Great Spirit," Sire ?  
Ye drown'd them in your "liquid fire" !  
And Niagara's deaf'ning spray  
Demands in thunder—where are they ?

Sons of the West ! we all must die ;  
We all must meet before the throne  
Of Him, whose everlasting eye  
Can pierce the human heart alone.  
He saw your *ill-starred* vessel roam  
O'er ocean with yon trembling slave ;  
He saw you, when ye made the home  
The red man gave your sires, his grave !

That other world—tremendous thought !  
It comes to all, howe'er unsought ;  
And there the slave and tyrant meet,  
As equals, at the judgment seat.  
Yes, they shall rise before you then,  
That countless host of murder'd men,  
And ill your cowering glance shall brook  
On their accusing eyes to look.  
Repent, repent and stretch the hand  
Of Freedom o'er yon western land.

Go, bid the woes of Afric cease.  
Go, let the red man dwell in peace.  
Then, wash ye in the healing flood  
Of Jesus' all-atoning blood.

Sons of the West ! I see again  
O'er broken chains your banner move,  
Meet emblem of yon glittering train  
That sparkles with eternal love !

It comes—it comes—that holy hour !  
Let earth's enfranchised sons rejoice,  
Triumphant in their infant power ;  
Let universal Freedom's voice  
Proclaim that not a shadow mars  
The glory of yon WESTERN STARS !

*Horsham, (Eng.) 11th mo. 23d, 1840.*

## WHERE IS THE CAPTIVE'S HOME?

BY C. L. NORTH.

A noble dome, alone it stood,  
The home of wealth and pride—  
The price of trade in human blood,  
Of wo and misery wide.  
The brilliant light now streaming far  
Eclipsed the starry ray,  
And Fashion's throng were gathered there—  
The lovely and the gay.

Soft music rose upon the air  
A sweetly plaintive tone,  
All hung upon the voice and lyre,—  
Their sound was heard alone.  
Beneath the same blue sky that smiled  
Upon that thoughtless train,  
There wandered forth Oppression's child  
And caught the melting strain.

She had not learned to feel by art  
And weep at music's swell,  
But Nature gave a feeling heart  
And she obeyed the spell.

The plaintive song that met her ear  
    Could touch a chord within,  
And 'home, sweet home' called forth a tear,  
    It fell by all unseen.

'*Where is my home?*' the captive sighed,  
    'Where is that spot so dear?'  
'Tis not in all this land abroad  
    My home,—it is not here.  
I know this land is passing fair,  
    But 'tis not dear to me;  
While slavery's galling chain I wear,  
    My home it cannot be.

There is a land, a far-off land  
    Where once my fathers dwelt,  
I've learned to love it—Afric's strand,  
    A child's devotion felt.  
I hail the sun, the king of day,  
    I watch the stars of heaven,  
I love the moon's pale silver ray  
    At quiet hour of even;  
  
I love the clouds, the sky of blue,  
    And ocean's ceaseless tide,  
What e'er belongs to Afric too  
    Is to 'my heart allied.

And yet I would not seek that shore,  
Or if I there could roam  
There's none to make me welcome there,  
'T is not, 't is not my home.

"I have no home," the captive sighed  
And sought her cabin door,  
'No home,' the murmuring breeze replied,  
An exile evermore.  
There is on earth not one dear spot  
Oppression's child may love ;  
O, who shall raise her drooping thought  
To find a home above !

*Lowell, Oct. 1841.*



## THE STRANGER.

BY LAURILLA ALEROYLA.

— Stranger is a holy name:  
Guidance, and rest, and food, and fire,  
In vain he never must require.

WALTER SCOTT.

The name of "stranger" is indeed "a holy name." All ages have respected it. All nations honored it. The Barbarian dare not reject the "stranger." He will receive him to his hearth, and though he be an enemy, he will protect him as a household god. The savage in his little hut receives the stranger, even though he be the white man that has robbed him of his lands and is destroying his nation. He kindles for him his fire, he gives him food, and spreads for him his softest furs. "Fly far" said the Moor, as he led his horse to a fugitive whom he had sheltered; "fly far while the night can cover you. Your pursuers are in my house, you are the murderer of my son, but you have asked of me protection, and I dare not betray you." "I

was a stranger and ye took me not in," is one of the dreadful condemnations to be heard from the throne at the day of judgment.

Is there in this wide world so lone a "stranger," so destitute a being, as the escaping slave? The world is new to him—he looks around—trembling he looks, and sees in every tree his master's form, and hears in every breeze the driver's lash. The tiger has his den, the bear his hollow tree, but where can this poor "stranger" lay his head? To the North star he turns as to his God, and thither bends his feeble steps. Fainting with hunger, and benumbed with cold, he begs for food and shelter. Who will refuse to aid the pleading slave? Who will turn him from his door? A Northern laborer! Warm in his pleasant cottage, reared with his well paid wages, a Northern laborer will drive the perishing bondman back into the howling wilderness! But who is there that will betray him? His manly limbs are galled with slavery's chain, his noble form is bent with slavery's yoke, his bleeding feet deformed with slavery's fetters! Who is the wretch that dare betray him? A *Northern* yeoman! Free as the mountain breeze himself,

rejoicing in his liberty, protected in his rights; a Northern yeoman will betray the wretched slave! Is there a nation where the free winds blow, and where the rain of heaven descends,—a nation where the bright sun shines, and where the beautiful earth spreads forth her fruits, that dare refuse protection to this “stranger?” There is such a nation—and that nation is America! The beacon light of liberty is blazing on her mountains, the joyful shouts of freedom rising from her valleys, but she will seize the escaping bondman, chain him again and send him back to slavery! Oh what an act is this, to take the helpless “stranger” and give him up a bound and trembling victim, into the hands of his enraged and lawless master!! It is a deed of horror! Such are thy trophies, slavery! and such the offerings thy votaries must lay upon thine altar! Thy morning and thy evening sacrifice is human blood! Thy victim is the guiltless “stranger!”

*Glastenbury, Conn., 1841.*

“OPEN THY MOUTH FOR THE  
DUMB.”

Written under an Autograph of Capt. Charles Stuart.

BY SARAH DYMOND.

Brother, I will!—that charge shall be  
A sacred Talisman to me;  
Nor doubt shall check, nor coldness steel  
My heart against that warm appeal,  
But in and out of season still  
The outraged slave my lips shall fill,  
With argument to rouse the bold  
To active zeal, to warm the cold,  
The apologist of crime to shame,  
By mention of thy stainless name.  
That name which o’er the Western wave  
Speaks hope and comfort to the slave.

Yes, Stuart, yes, thy name shall be  
A sacred Talisman to me;  
Whether amid Canadian snows,  
Thy care shall soothe the Negro’s woes,  
When faint and worn, the Refugee  
To thy protecting care shall flee,

And find beneath Victoria's sway,  
Safety by night and peace by day :  
Or, when amid the recreant band  
Of freedom's sons, thy foot shall stand  
On bright Missouri's rolling tide,  
Or by sweet Susquehanna's side,  
Thy lips of love shall intercede  
For him who *cannot, must not* plead.

Friend of the slave! thy charge shall be  
A sacred Talisman to me,  
My mouth *shall* "open for the dumb"  
Till Freedom's glorious morn shall come ;  
My daily orison shall be,  
Lord, let the slave at length be free!  
Nor till in death these lips shall close,  
Will I forget the Negro's woes,  
But breathe like Fox, life's latest prayer,  
"Spare Africa, the negro spare!"

*Taunton, (Eng.) Jan. 25th, 1841.*

OPPRESSION.

Suggested by seeing a colored Minister of the Gospel insulted in a stage coach.

BY A. B.

God of the comfortless ! O, cast around  
 These stricken ones, the arm invisible  
 Of thy protective care, nor let the scorn,  
 The cold contempt, the bitter, burning hate  
 Which day by day is heaped upon them,  
 Tarnish their souls, or cause them to pervert  
 The ways of righteousness. O holy One,  
 Are not their souls thine own ? are they not bound  
 To thee by ties indissolubly strong ?  
 Thou God of woman born, whose very visage  
 Was more marred through earthly hate than all  
     the sons  
 Of men, are not these parts of thine own self ?  
 Are not thy heart-strings twined around *their souls*,  
 And enters not the sword into *thy soul*,  
 When e'er disdainful man spurns at thine image  
 And would trample in the dust thy priceless  
 Jewels ? Omnipotent Jehovah, say,

Are they not thine offspring? Dwell not their  
guardian

Angels, ever in thy presence, and speed  
They not as gladsomely on their bright wings,  
To bear balm to the breast of those on whom  
Afric hath poured its noon-tide rays, as those  
Who 're fanned by gales swept from New Eng-  
land's forests?

Dwells not the good Spirit as lovingly  
Within the bosom of the swarthy race?  
Whispers he not as sweet his heavenly  
Consolations to the Ethiop's heart,  
With joy unspeakable his ravished bosom  
Filling? 'T is even so;—and when heaven's  
Vast battalion shall stand in glorious  
Triumph all revealed, none will more beauteous  
Shine, than those who meekly for his dear name  
Endured the cross, trampling upon the shame,  
Content to be *e'en as their Master was,*  
*Despised, and reckoned among menial things!*

AN APPEAL TO AMERICA ON BE-  
HALF OF THE SLAVE.

BY T. WALLACE,

Pastor of the Congregational Church, Petersfield, (Eng.)

Land of the lake and river,  
Land of the mountain-range,  
To all thy fame and glory  
Our mem'ries are not strange ;  
We know thy skies are splendid,  
We know thy sons are brave,  
And yet, our hearts are saddened,  
Because thou hast the *Slave* !

Thy children fought with valor,  
To burst a galling yoke,  
And never ceased exertion,  
Till all their chains were broke ;—  
And yet, in many cities,  
And States thy waters lave,  
Thou holdest fast the captive,  
And grindest down the Slave.



Thy churches tower in greatness,  
And in their splendor rise,  
And millions hymn the Saviour  
Before thy wondering eyes ;  
And still though Christ brings freedom,  
And rescues from the grave,  
Thou canst forget the negro,  
And pitiest not the Slave !

Oh, Christians ! Christians ! in that land  
Of power, and wealth, and light,  
Take care your glory is not quenched,  
Your day be changed to night.  
Arise—arise—without delay,  
While you have time to save,  
Break every negro's chain apart,  
And cry—" God bless the Slave !"

*Aug. 14th, 1841.*

## PERSEVERE.

BY T. WALLACE.

American abolitionists ; cease not your prayers and vigorous endeavors ; you may, and will have, in the prosecution of your noble efforts, numerous difficulties and trials to realize. Still, heed them not. Persevere in the spirit of energetic and believing prayer, and you must conquer at last. Your cause is that of justice, humanity, benevolence, and religion. Go on, then, with courage and fearlessness ; the God of love is with you ! He will not suffer your efforts to prove abortive.

*Petersfield, (Eng.) Aug. 14th, 1841.*

# SONG OF THE RANSOMED CAPTIVE.

BY MARIA HAZELTON.

I feel it ! I feel it ! I sure can tell,  
 For over my spirit there comes a spell,  
 A spell that entrances my very frame,  
 A spell close linked with Freedom's name.  
 She came to my ear and whispered peace,  
 She said to my heart, "thy mourning cease,"  
 And my soul looked up, though wild with fears,  
 And poured her thanks in gushing tears.

They told me oft that I should die,  
 Nor see the hour for which I sigh,  
 And my spirit sank within my breast  
 Like a wounded bird that knows no rest.  
 O gather me not with the dead, I cried,  
 O lay me not by the valley's side,  
 Till my soul hath caught a glimpse of thee,  
 Thou goddess fair of Liberty !

She came ! She came ! and my spirit free  
 Like an uncaged bird in rapturous glee,

Speeds merrily on each passing day,  
While heaven attests my grateful lay !  
Count me not maddened,—though thus I sing,  
My soul hath drank at Freedom's spring,  
And I feel it, I feel it, my very soul  
O'erflows with a tide that mocks control !

## SYCOPHANCY.

BY DANIEL O'CONNEL, M. P.

For the City of Dublin.

Within that land was many a malecontent  
Who cursed the tyranny to which he bent ;  
That soil full many a cringing despot saw,  
Who worked his wantonness in form of law.

*London, March 9, 1841.*

## LIBERTY.

Comely art thou, O Liberty!

BY J. P. BISHOP.

Yes, thou art comely, Liberty ! arrayed  
In rich attire, adorned with costly gems,  
The gold thy pavement and thy walls of pearl,—  
Thy votaries, the great, the proud, the gay ;  
E'en then thou'rt comely, and thy radiance shines  
All beauteons o'er the splendor and the pomp  
That clothe thy person and attend thy state ;  
For thou art lovely, so that naught can share  
Thy beauty quite, nor all suppress thy charms.  
But thou art lovelier when a simple robe  
Is girded gently round thee, in thy hand  
Some wild flower from the tuneful streamlet's  
verge,  
And by thy side some true friend with true heart  
Guileless and warm, and pure, and unsuborned ;—  
Oh ! thou art lovely then, comely and fair  
As fabled nymph in some wild bower of wood,  
Or Beauty's self with tresses all unbound  
And the soft wind's kisses on her dewy cheek.

I love thee, Liberty ; thou art my joy,  
My song by day, I dream of thee by night.  
I love thee ; yes—and press thee close, and still  
More close I press thee to this answering heart ;  
For as I gaze upon the world I see  
Full many a son of wretchedness and toil  
Who ne'er beheld thy face or saw thy smiles  
To love thee, or an “unrequited love”  
Preys on his spirits as the vultures do  
On carcasses of men in battle slain.  
How many sighs for thee this day ascend  
From yonder cane-fields, or those swamps of rice,  
Or where the cotton-gin with ceaseless play  
Tells of the unpaid toil and sweat of slaves !  
How many from those cities' din, Orleans,  
Mobile, and Charleston, or that much loved spot  
Bearing the sacred name of Washington,  
Where thy own temple (all profaned I know)  
Lifts high its dome, and from out-stretching wing  
Extends the banner consecrate to thee,  
O'er auction-blocks where human bones and blood  
With swine and goats and rags and musty books,  
Go to the highest bidder, and are used  
As he may will to use them ! Sighs I know  
Ascend from lone hearts for their loved ones torn

Away,—sighs all for thee, O Liberty!  
There is a mighty breath for thee; it comes  
Like the south winds, and on those south winds  
    borne,  
From vale and nook and plain and river's side,  
And uttered by innumerable tongues.

Say, wilt thou visit those lone bosoms, pour  
Thy joy within them, ravish with thy smiles  
Each heart, tune every lip to melody?  
Go in thy homely garb and plain attire;  
No pomp attend thee—Go, in simple mien,  
With graces all thy own; unlock those chains  
And let the captives rise; unseal those lips  
And let the song of Jubilee come forth;  
As when old Winter's crystal bands are broke  
From ice and mountain snow, and the soft spring  
With balmy influence swells the impetuous flood,  
Till all the vale is drenched, and the dark sea  
Rejoices with the inland tide;—so full,  
So broad, impetuous, profound, so rushing forth  
To meet the ocean of eternal joy,  
So issuing from unnumbered sources, rise,  
The general chorus from the tongues of men  
New-born to all that has a charm for life,



Renders it useful, or prepares it well  
To live again beyond the opening tomb.  
A nation in a day created new!  
I know it shall be; and the uprushing sound  
Of joy shall wake the heavenly organ then,  
And sweet the Anthem swell through all the stops  
Unnumbered deep in yonder Milky Way,  
Heaven's finger-board 'of stars, and through the  
vast,

Unfathomed, twinkling, trembling sea around !  
For when the earth was made, and on its soil  
Two human beings only stood, new-formed,  
When Music yet was young, and instruments  
Were not, the stars beholding sang together,  
And all the sons of God shouted for joy ;  
A purer, sweeter, higher strain, in tones  
More deep, more full, extending over shore  
More wide and far, shall sweep along the heavens,  
When countless men are jostled from the clods,  
And in their hearts far more of pleasure taught  
Already how to twine—pleasures of friends,  
Of father, brother, son—than Adam knew  
When all alone he stood beside his Eve,  
That one vine only coiling round his heart.

Creation's highest, noblest work, was man.  
That only could awake the heavenly choir.  
But, Liberty, thou form'st at once a world  
Of men, full grown, with all the springs of life,  
And soul attuned to all its notes of love.  
Oh! wilt thou hasten to yon pining slaves,  
And quickly touch their toil-worn, aching limbs?  
Wilt thou unbind those fetters from the heart?  
Give those chained spirits wing to fly away,  
Like the fledged bird, upon their own free thought?  
Restore that husband to the wife's lone bosom?  
Yon stolen child to its grief-stricken father?  
Mingle those brothers', sisters' joy again?  
Return that bride to her own lover's arms?  
Bid Sorrow cleanse her face, and Wo look up  
All beaming as the morn, and Joy leap forth,  
And Pleasure dance, like lambkins in the spring-  
time?  
Come, warble through those dungeon walls thy own  
Sweet notes of melody, till every door,  
Touched by the strain, turns soft on easy hinges,  
And every inmate drinks on thirsty lip  
Once more the light of heaven, and travels forth  
With thy own joy new rising in his heart.

I do not ask thy pomp, thy gay attire,  
Thy train of worshippers, thy wealth, thy fame,—  
For these are needless to the simple slave,  
So used to toil, nor taught the luxuries  
Of pampered life;—but come in rural dress,  
Thy gentle looks soft beaming through the dew  
Fall'n in thy long night-watches, in thy heart  
All love, in manners all simplicity,  
Thy brow begirt with peace, and by thy side  
The implements of labor—not uncouth  
As slavery wields, but beautiful and light  
And polished and refined for the free hand.  
Such thou hast come to Britain's island slaves,  
To Mexico, and the far distant South;  
Such did'st thou proudly visit his bright land  
L'Ouverture, when righteous war had drove  
Treacherous Invasion from his island shores;  
Such shalt thou quickly pass to other isles  
In that delightful group,—and such, we trust,  
Shalt yet revisit this ungrateful land  
Of our forefathers, where thou did'st throw off  
Light bondage from the white man's shoulders,  
bid'st  
His heart leap up—that he might nerve it then  
With greater strength to crush the negro down.

O turn not from us, for our sins, away,  
All guilty though we are, and black with crime ;  
But when thou free'st the slave, may we, too, stand  
Beside his manly heart, enjoy with him  
The precious boon, and with his soul rejoice.

We trust, O Liberty, thy wave-washed foot  
Shall be permitted yet to press the soil  
Of that all sorrowing land, whose care-worn sons,  
Lo ! for a score of weary centuries,  
Have nourish'd every soil beneath the stars  
With tears, and filled each homeward breeze with  
moans ;

Whose own loved vales still echo to the sound  
Of the slave hunter's foot-fall, or the chase  
Of tribe for brother tribe, urged on by pelf .  
Of Christian seekers for the souls of men.  
Yes ; so it shall be ; for 'tis written well  
That Afric yet shall lift her hands to God  
All penitent before him, when no more  
The deed of blood shall crimson her fair soil,  
Or chain be riveted on human limb,  
Or man start at a brother's voice, as hares  
When hounds pursue. Oh ! thou shalt then be  
there,  
And thou shalt linger long among those vales

When once thy foot has pressed them, and thy  
voice

Sound sweet upon the breeze, untaught till then  
To waft a strain melodious as thine.

Such, Liberty, thou art,—all lovely nymph,

All comely in thy person and attire ;

Morn never shone so bright, so fair as thou,

Nor half so welcome to the sons of men.

Give me one kiss from thy warm lips, one  
smile,

One token of thy love to me,—that kiss,

That look, that emblem of affection, deep

Shall lie all buried in this heart's warm folds ;

No wealth can buy it, nought of love besides

E'er win it, nought may drive it thence, no wave

Of earthly passions wash it all away.

## THE FUGITIVES.

SCENE I.—A CAROLINIAN PLANTATION.

*(Characters.)*

MALIE, <i>an aged woman,</i>	} <i>A group of slaves.</i>
GHESTLER, } <i>her sons,</i>	
ZONGOLA, }	
IOLA, <i>a daughter,</i>	
CARLOS, <i>a field slave,</i>	
BANDALUZ, <i>the master.</i>	

*Ghestler.* Come, come dear mother, look ye,  
the joyous

Moon is up, and the old house clock, heedless  
Of our march, shows that the old sentinel  
Who watches vigilantly when night comes  
With its lone weary hours, will tell the tale  
Of our departure,—then, then dear mother,  
All is up with us and, and Iola—  
O God protect her! Iola, she will fall  
A prey to that hyena—Bandaloz.

*Malie.* Speak yet more gently, Ghestler; for  
I fear  
Your words may fall upon some listening

Ear, and then we may find our miserable  
Forms upon yon trees, where others like us  
Seeking heaven's boon to enjoy, have been  
The gaze of many passers by. O Ghestler,  
Much my heart fails me ; but to-night I watched  
Yon star, and oft it seemed to talk with me  
And bid me hope that in that land where dwells  
No vile Bandaloz, I may rest myself  
And die in peace.

*Ghestler. (Looking wildly and listening,)*  
Depart!—haste, quick, for lo,  
Bandaloz comes ! *[Exit Ghestler.]*

*[MALIE enters a low cottage where  
lies Iola just waked from sleep.]*

*Iola.* Mother, I've had sweet dreams  
To-night,—methought that we were in that happy  
Land of which Ghestler so often tells us, yes,  
The land where wakes no Bandaloz to fright  
Us evermore. But mother, shall we haste  
To-night, or shines the moon too brilliant now?  
Zongola told me yesternight that ere  
The midnight hour should come, we'd gather up  
Ourselves, and guided by that star in yon  
Fair sky, speed us to the northern regions,

Where smiles all that is glorious, aye, all  
That is beautiful.

*Malie.* Yes, yes my daughter,  
Ghestler has been here and bids us wait for him  
Ere twelve shall strike ; for he says Bandaloz  
Will be passing from the revel and you  
May then fall a prey to his foul passions,—  
And my child, thou knows't I'd rather lay thee  
In thy grave quickly, and mourn, aye mourn till  
All my heart were gone, than cast thee forth to lead  
A life of infamy, howe'er thy beauty  
May attract the gaze of those around his board  
Who throng, and quaff the wine that turns to fierce  
Madness his every thought and look.  
Iola, darling child! it is for thee  
That I will brave the dangers that attend  
A flight from this vile land of servitude.  
'Twould not be long ere my poor weary limbs  
Would find a grave beneath the sighing palm,  
Should I remain ; but O for thee my heart  
Is wakeful ever, and the midnight hour  
Finds me upon my knees, beseeching heaven  
To compass thee around, to shield thy frail  
And delicate form from the touch of aught



That would contaminate, or bid depart  
The Holy Spirit from thy trembling soul.  
Iola, child,—fear not, you tremble,—strong  
Is heaven in the defence of innocence,  
Place there thy trust, and guardian angels  
Shall encompass thee. But 'tis eleven ;  
Soon Ghestler and Zongola will be here,  
And we must not detain them, lest a worse  
Cup far than death should be dealt to us—Hark !  
They come ; take now that parcel on the shelf  
And place it close in thy bosom ; O keep  
It near thy heart, for it contains a token  
Fair of thy own father's love, who sweetly  
Sleeps in yon lowly vale, and knows no more  
These griefs that throng around.

[*Enter Ghestler and Zongola.*]

*Zongola.* Come, mother, come,  
And dear Iola you will go with me ;  
You, mother, with good Ghestler ; for he knows  
All the wild woods around us, and his arm  
Is strong for you to lean upon. The star shines  
Bright which is to guide us to the northern  
Skies, and the moon begins to hasten down  
Behind the hills. (*Iola weeps.*) Now, now Iola,  
shame ;

Why do you weep? You promised yesternight  
That you'd be strong and mind me all the way,  
And then you know I promised sacredly,  
To help you every hour, to carry  
You when weary. Come now, and do not fear.

*Iola.* Well, Zongola, I do know I promised  
You 'neath the shade of the old palm which rears  
Its lofty head close by the clustering  
Vines that I've so often tended, that fear  
Should not be found within my heart so long  
As God should strengthen me; but mother tells  
Me of the dreadful doom that may await  
Us should we be discovered, and my heart  
Does shake most fearfully! Yet I forbear.  
'Tis not that for a moment I would dwell  
Longer beneath this cot, but then the tears  
Will come gushing from my eyes, unbidden,  
When I think of—(*She pauses.*)

*Zongola.* Yes, yes, I see, I know,  
When you remember Carlos; but I saw  
Him ere the sun was low, and he bade me  
Say farewell for him, and that soon he'd meet  
You by those northern streams whither we hasten.

*Iola. (Eagerly.)* O, Zongola, did he say thus?

Surely

I had not thought that he were free from those  
Huge chains that clanked about his heel when  
last

I gazed upon him from the door as he pass'd  
By. I did not dare to cast one farewell  
Glance, although my heart were nigh to breaking;  
For Bandaloz was near, and though he spoke  
No words concerning Carlos, yet methought  
He looked searchingly, as if he'd know why  
I pressed my side so fearfully; for much  
I trembled, lest he'd hear my heart's throbbings!  
I feigned a smile, though I had well nigh fainted—  
But now I go,—I will be strong, brother,  
I will be strong.

*Zongola.* Do, do, Iola dear.

*Ghestler. (Coming towards them.)* Hush,  
children,—haste, it is no time to talk

Of tears : soon the revel will be ended,  
And then Bandaloz, like a mad demon,  
Will be here to snatch from us Iola!  
This is the night he swore he'd make her his;  
And then no more shall we behold her form

Gliding among us; and her voice, sweeter  
Than music from the rich harp that's played  
Within the hall, be lost to us forever.  
But never shall he snatch that lamb away  
From the embrace of Ghestler. No, never;  
For I vowed when last I saw his cursed  
Hand smoothing her flowing hair, that never  
Should he see her more, save we were lying  
In one common grave. Come, dear mother,  
come;  
On let us pass, and bid adieu, a last  
Adieu to this vile sod.

[*They all pass out.*]

SCENE II.—THE WOODS—MORNING.

*Zongola.* Look, mother, look, Iola sleeps;  
gladly  
I look upon those lids so gently closed;  
For well I know her tender feet  
Are even now full weary of the way;  
But when again we journey, I shall take  
Her in my arms, and I know that Ghestler  
Will be kind to you and ease you onward.  
How I love to look upon her as she

Breathes so gently:—now she sighs, poor thing!  
No doubt her womanish heart is shaken  
By sad dreams, the fear that we may never  
Reach that stream which, crossed, will give us  
Freedom.

*Malie.* No doubt, my boy, 'tis so, or else she  
fears

The touch of Bandaloz; for daily did  
She weep, lest he might come perchance by night,  
While sleep dwelt heavy on me, and command  
Her to depart and dwell with him. Often  
When midnight frowned around us, hath she cried  
In dreamy agony, O save me, mother,  
For he comes, he comes! but heaven protect  
Her now, nor e'er permit her innocence  
To pass away.

*Ghestler.* You must be faint, my mother,  
A weary way we've come since twelve tolled  
On the air;—let us break our fast; see, here  
Is bread and a few berries that I've gathered  
While you slept for a short hour after our  
Journey. (*Ghestler waiting.*) You do not speak,  
my mother; are  
You sick?

*Malie.* No, no, my son, but heaven hath  
Dealt most kindly with us. Shall we not give  
Thanks ere we partake its bounties?

*Ghestler.* (*Looking thoughtful.*) Give thanks  
Then, mother, if you will; but truly when  
I've stood beside my master's board—(*he stops*)

—no, not

My master's, but Bandaloz's board, and heard  
Mutter'd those words of grace, I've wondered  
much

If there were any God, or, if a God, where  
Dwelt he, or, if he lived, were he aware  
Of the affairs of men? Is he righteous,  
Mother? if so, how reconcile you all  
Of deep, dark, damning sin that hath been wit-  
nessed

By the gazing heavens upon that curs'd  
Plantation we have left? If God be just  
And merciful, as you have often told,  
Methinks Bandaloz would less often crave  
His supervision!

*Malie.* Ghestler, not all who cry  
Lord, Lord, shall enter heaven; many will

Claim affinity with him, to whom he'll  
Say, Depart, I know you not. That goodness  
Is his nature; that his mercy and his love  
Unbounded flow, my heart attests. Ghestler,  
Cast off that vile suspicion of his justice.  
I know thy path hath been with perils rife,  
I know the bitter draughts, the scourgings vile,  
And all the woes strewed thick within thy path;  
Yet hath he not been merciful to thee?  
Forgettest thou the hour they sold thy brother  
To a Georgian lord, and thou, my boy,  
Wast left by my entreaty? Then thou did'st  
thank

Heaven, and bore witness to the kindness  
Of his heart who heard my deep lamenting,  
And granted thee to sojourn near my shed!  
O Ghestler, he *is merciful*, and much  
It pains my heart when my boy dares question  
His o'erflowing love.

*Ghestler.* I would not pain thee,  
That thou knowest well, my mother; I would  
To heaven that I could even now, shake  
Off each vestige of that unbelief clinging  
To my torn heart. But let us eat, only

Give us the blessing, mother. Zongola  
Come, and let Iola rest. Now we are  
Ready. (*They give thanks and eat.*)

*Iola.* (*Waking and looking round.*) Ghestler,  
Shall we not hasten? how the sun  
Pours down its rays,—the birds are out again,  
And O, I long to be fast hastening  
To that land where the sun of Freedom shines  
With mild, sweet beams,—Come, Ghestler, may  
we now  
Proceed?

*Ghestler.* We may not travel by the light  
Of day.

*Iola.* What, are we to remain till night  
Fall on us with its dim and sable hue?

*Ghestler.* Yes, we must venture forth only  
when night  
Shall cover us, and our guide appear.

*Iola.* But, brother, much I fear we may not  
reach  
Where all is free, if we thus linger here.



*Zongola.* Iola, Ghestler sure can tell when best  
It suits our safety; besides, Carlos hath  
Told us 'twere best to wait the guidance  
Of the star in the night heavens, than trust  
To the poor knowledge of which we are masters.

*Iola.* Yes, now I do remember what he said;  
But yet my eye so longs to view that land;  
My heart so leaps, e'en at the thought of *rest*,  
(That other name for Freedom) that I would  
Hasten night and day, nor tire till touching  
That good shore. Now I bethink me, surely  
Carlos said he had not been detected  
In his flight had he but waited night-fall.  
We must, then, now take warning, lest perchance  
Our wanderings be discovered. I'm sure  
I'd rather die here in these lonely woods,  
Where the cool winds sighing their endless tale,  
Might tell that poor Iola fled, and laid  
Her 'neath their kindly shade. Yes, sooner would  
I die, than fall again into the hands  
Of Bandaloz; for though he often said  
That you, dear mother, should not want for bread,  
Nor e'er be sold to labor for another,  
(Because of me,) I did not much believe;

For well I knew he loved the cursed gold  
That's found in Georgian hands, and waited  
Only for a timely hour to cast you  
Forth, to die in lonesome wretchedness !

*Matie.* 'Tis true, Iola, true, my darling child ;  
He only waited for a favored hour  
To part us. Then no more should I hear those  
Words of cheer from that bless'd book, which oft  
hath

Been my only solace. You, Iola,  
He permitted to gain knowledge—knowledge,  
Which to me, and to your brother, he denied ;—  
You have read from out these holy leaves, words  
That have wiped the gathering tears away—  
And given such comfort to my stricken soul,  
As I believe none but the Holy One  
Could grant. Had'st thou departed, gone then  
were

Every hope from this poor heart. But yet thou  
Liv'st to bless me, child ; and though thy beauty  
May attract the gaze of some, to me thy  
Chief attraction is that filial love, that  
Deep hatred of whate'er contaminates,  
Taught by the blessed lips of him who bore

Our sins on Calvary's hill. 'Tis this, dear  
Child, I trust, that hath giv'n strength, purpose  
Of soul to thee, and taught thy every thought  
To rise to Him who watches o'er thy path,  
Who though unseen, will guide thee to that shore  
Where Freedom smiles. Keep thou this  
book, (*Giving her the Bible,*) 'twill teach  
Thee more of heaven than yet thou know'st.  
Could I but read its sacred lines, how blest  
My soul. But soon I trust I shall behold  
All that is there revealed of those bright walls  
And mansions, fitted up for the abode  
Of souls who trust in Christ.

*Iola.* Mother, I trust  
You will live many years, to eat the bread  
And drink the cup of Freedom. Others who  
Left the sultry South, with more of hoary  
Age upon them, have sought and found with joy  
That goodly land.

*Ghestler.* (*Rising suddenly and listening.*)  
Iola, hush! hark!  
Sure amid the brush I hear strange trampling.  
Save us, O God! they come! Crouch, Zongola.

Iola, breathe not, lest we die.—Heaven,  
High heaven be praised, they've passed and we  
Have not been seen. I saw Bandaloz foremost  
In the chase, and Carlos too was there.

*Iola.* What!

Carlos with him? How this? You do amaze  
Me,—Ghestler, it could not be!

*Ghestler.* 'Tis even thus,

*Iola.* Others too were there. Perchance  
They took him, hoping to obtain some track  
Of the wild haunts through which he journeyed  
When *he* sought to fly from their oppressions.

*Iola.* But. Ghestler, think you he would betray  
us,

Should he chance to pass us?

*Ghestler.* I know not, dear

*Iola.* But do not fear, for they will  
Not pass this way as they return. Three moons  
Ago, poor Carlos fled, and when the hounds were  
With us, they lost track of him; and, passing  
O'er the river, we returned again.  
So will they do, if I judge rightly, now.

But let us further go into the woods,  
Where we may lie concealed till the dark night  
O'ertake us—then will we hasten onward.

*Malie.* Do, do, dear Ghestler; for my heart  
    well nigh  
Had ceased its throbbings, when your words of  
    praise  
Came to my low crouched ear. Sure it was meet,  
My first-born, that your lips should pour forth  
Praise to Him whose hand hath been a darkening  
Cloud before the eyes of our pursuers.  
What think you now, my Ghestler, of his  
Mercy? Dare you farther question his kind  
Hand, displayed for our deliverance?

*Ghestler.* Enough,  
My mother, 'twas his love, his kindness all,  
That turned their feet from this our resting place;  
And never shall my lips forget their song,  
Or my heart fail to offer unto Him,  
Its homage reverent. But we must haste,  
And seek a shelter in the forest woods.

## SCENE III.—A CAVE IN A DENSE FOREST.

*Ghestler. (Aside to Zongola.)* Zongola, very much I fear that this  
Our toilsome way will fatal prove to our  
Good mother. Her hands are fevered, and her  
Brow is throbbing far too quick, for aught save  
Raging fever. She hardly spake the night  
Past; and the way to me seemed far more drear,  
Because she breathed no prayer—audible,  
I mean; for though I think not much of prayer,  
A kind of feeling cometh over me  
When the name of Jesus is pronounced, which,  
To be honest now, I feel no other time.

*Zongola.* Ah, yes, I too have watched her  
for three days  
More closely than before; and though I sought  
To hide it from Iola, yes, and e'en  
Myself, I could but think that she were fast  
Weakening. When I spoke to her, she answered  
But in feeble tones, and in her words  
There seemed less of that ardor than was wont  
To bless our ears. Oh, should she not survive,

Ghestler, how should we comfort Iola?  
Sure she would wither like a tender plant  
Snapped from the stem that gave it nourishment.  
But, Ghestler, it may be only weariness;  
Can we not rest awhile and nourish her?  
A stream is near at hand. I'll haste and bring  
Fresh water to bathe her limbs, and to refresh  
Her spirit.

*Ghestler.* Do it; but much I fear 'twill  
All be vain. This is the seventh night the stars  
Have seen us wandering forth in silence.  
When I carried her within these willing arms  
The night that's fled, she wept, but spoke no  
words;  
I feared to ask the cause, lest she should say  
What my heart dreaded. She clasped her with-  
er'd  
Arms around my neck, and wept profusely.  
Bitter and dreary were the hours that passed.  
But yet she lives; and O, heaven grant she  
May not die, but live to be our comfort in that  
Longed for land to which we haste.

[*Exit Zongola.*]

*Iola.* Mother, are  
You awake? (*Answering herself.*) No, no, she  
sleeps. Ghestler, look !  
How parched and fevered are her lips; I fear  
She is too weary with the tedious paths  
Through which we've traversed, though full well  
I know  
You've carried her quite oft, and bore her through  
The tangled swamps, and tarried oftentimes  
That she might gain a little rest. But—peace  
Upon her rest ! Perhaps sleep will refresh  
Her spirit, and bring back her strength.

*Ghestler.* (*To himself.*) Poor thing, her  
hopes, I fear, are idle dreams.

[*Zongola enters.*]

*Zongola.* How is our mother? has she not  
waked?  
I feared she would be thirsty ere I found  
This shell in which to bring her drink. Here are  
Some berries, which perchance may strengthen  
her;



For sparingly hath food been given since  
Yesternight.

*Iola.* Dear mother, wake; for Zongola  
Hath brought you cooling drink, and berries fresh  
From the trees.

*Malie.* I see, my daughter. Ghestler,  
Raise me up, for I feel but poorly. Why!  
Is it morning? or what time? I surely  
Have been sleeping far too long—shall we haste?  
I see the moon,—Ghestler, is it time?

*Ghestler.* No,  
Mother, morn will soon be here; but we'll rest  
Ourselves till night shall find us. You were ill;  
And much we feared for you, lest overcome  
With weariness and the cold, chill night damps,  
You might find a grave within this dark  
And lonely forest.

*Malie.* Thank you, kind Ghestler;  
For I now remember that my poor heart  
Had the same fear, as sorrowful I laid  
Myself to rest upon these gathered leaves.

Again hath heaven been kind, to guide our  
Footsteps to this shelter.

*Iola.* Yes, mother, true—  
Heaven hath been kind to us; but now, eat  
I pray you, and refresh yourself.

*Zongola. (Aside.)* She looks  
Much better, Ghestler, and I hope she will  
Recover, so that we may soon pursue  
Our route. Iola will do well, for she  
Hath travelled far, though she could scarce for-  
bear

To weep, as her feet bled profusely. Poor  
Child, how my *heart* bled for her, as she wiped  
The tears from her bright sparkling eyes,  
And tried to smile. I kissed her, but my heart  
Forbade the utterance of a word, lest  
I should weaken the strong purpose displayed  
In her more than earthly face, as she threw  
Back her long dark hair, and called upon high  
Heaven for further strength. O, Ghestler, much  
I wish we had the faith treasured within  
Her breast. It surely does support the soul  
Amid severest trial.

*Ghestler.* Yes, perhaps,  
'Tis heaven supports her—for far too frail  
Were 'she, to brave the storm we've passed, and  
those  
Chill night winds. But let us go and see  
If mother will not come and breathe the fresh  
Sweet air, beneath this tree; perhaps it were  
Not well, that she should longer lie within  
The cave.

SCENE IV.—MALIE AND IOLA, SEATED BENEATH THE  
SHADE OF A TREE NEAR THE ENTRANCE TO THE  
CAVE.

*Iola.* How gloriously the sun shines over  
The hills. Mother, does not the gentle breeze  
Refresh you. O 'tis pleasant here, and were  
We but escaped quite out of this vile land,  
How would I sing. How long before our feet  
Shall tread that fair green spot where Freedom  
lives,  
Sweet mother?

*Malie.* I know not, daughter, but trust  
In heaven 'twill not be long. Ghestler can

Tell perhaps how near we are to that bright  
Shore. I trust that I shall reach it; though oft  
My heart has failed since we left the dwelling  
Where my poor heart hath felt so much of ill,  
And bitter grief.

*Iola.* O yes, dear mother, heaven  
Will hear our prayers; and though kind Ghestler  
Says he does not much believe in Him whom  
Our hearts love, yet when we are delivered,  
I know he can but feel that God is good,  
And that his care hath brought us to that shore.

*Malie.* Yes, yes, I trust he may be taught,  
though late,  
That love divine appointed e'en his lot.  
True, sorrow hath been his, as well as mine.  
He would not be subdued,—'twas this that caused  
Bandaloz to deal thus roughly with him:  
If he but learn of Christ, my heart will cease  
Its throbbings with sweet peace.

[*Ghestler and Zongola come to the  
cave, bringing Carlos with them.*]

*Iola.* O, Carlos! What!  
Oh! mother, do we dream? Say, say, and can

It be?—tell us, O tell us, how came you  
Thus to find our resting place?

*Zongola.* Yes, 'tis Carlos, Iola, he hath come  
Ere we have reached the spot whither the star  
That guides us, rests itself. We found him 'neath  
A tree, as we sought to gather something  
For yourself and mother to partake. Look,  
Iola, 'tis he himself!

*Malie.* Heaven hath  
Sent him hither ; but how changed.

*Ghestler.* Yes, he is changed, but he shall tell  
us, how  
He hath escaped.

*Carlos.* Yes, Iola, I'm here,  
Here to go with you to that happy spot  
Which we've so often longed for; and for which  
Our nights are turned to day, our day to night.  
But I must tell you how at last I 'scaped.

*Ghestler.* Yes, do, we wait to hear, for oft we  
spoke  
Of you. Did you not pass us ere that fearful  
Storm o'ertook us in those woods where we lay  
Concealed?

*Carlos.* Yes, and I saw you; but I goaded  
On my beast, and passed you, trembling lest those  
Who hunted with me should discover you.

*Iola.* How took they you to seek us ?

*Carlos.* 'Tis not strange  
You wonder at their course. But I will tell  
You all. They charged upon me your departure ;  
They bade me pass forest and glade,  
O'er which *I* traversed, when I ventured forth  
To seek that shore to which we now, all haste.  
High hopes were theirs, that they would overtake  
You in the woods; but ha! they failed. Joyous  
Then, I turned my steps to the poor rice swamp ;  
Thanking kind heaven that you were safe; resolved  
To gird me once again, and strike for freedom.

*Zongola.* How, then, are you thus far ?

*Carlos.* Aye! truly, will  
I tell you the escape. That very night  
I fled and journeyed; but alas! three days  
Had not elapsed, ere I was captured, bound,  
And cast bleeding with wounds, within the walls  
Of the old prison house. Again I called

On heaven. My heart kept hoping ever;  
Though I saw no power could help, save His  
Whose hand, wondrous in working, evermore  
Succor affords, to those who pour their souls  
In prayer.

*Iola.* How wonderful that you are here!  
Is it not thrice that you have been detected?

*Carlos.* Yes, thrice, ere last they cast my  
weary limbs  
Into that loathsome den.

*Iola.* Yes; now then, tell  
Us how deliverance came to your sad heart.

*Carlos.* Well, as I told you; bleeding, torn,  
oppressed  
As with a millstone on my aching heart,  
I sank upon the floor. Lifting my soul  
To heav'n, I prayed for help; nor was that prayer  
In vain. A storm arose,—the heavens were  
Red with lightnings. Thunders uttered loud  
their  
Awful voice; as though the earth and arching  
Sky would meet in dire commotion. Casting

My eyes around the dismal cell, they fell  
Upon this weapon. (*Holding up an axe.*)  
Quick as the lightning,  
Visions of freedom passed before my mind!  
Fair fields regained and forests dark traversed,  
No more to be recrossed. Forward I sprang,  
Loosing my fretted heel from the vile chain;  
And watching where to strike, as the  
Lightning played around. Then, when deep  
thunder,  
Poured its notes upon the air, I struck! once!—  
Twice!—again!—and lo! the door unclosed.  
I sallied forth, all breathless, tremblingly  
Feeble, through excess of joy. The clouds  
poured  
Forth their stores in floods, and the forked light-  
nings  
Were my guide; till, all o'ercome, I cast myself  
Beneath a sheltering tree, and knew not aught  
Of joy, or grief, till the sun rose high o'er  
Each vale and hill. Forward I've basted since;  
And now how good to look upon you once  
Again, and hope that we may soon be found  
Upon that shore, for love of which we've perilled  
All.



*Ghestler.* How my heart leaps at thought of  
your escape,  
And at the loss of Bandaloz. Methinks  
He'll sleep, less easily now we have fled.  
He thought to prey upon Iola.

*Carlos.* Bless  
You, for all your love and care for her,  
My Ghestler. Heaven will due recompense  
Afford thee; and thy heart, I trust, will soon  
Pour out its thanks to heaven, beside  
Those streams, in which we long to bathe our-  
selves.

*Ghestler.* Mother, if all is well, we'll hasten  
forth  
To-night, for Carlos now will give us aid,  
And you will not be weary. With his help,  
We soon shall reach where liberty is known;  
Where Bandaloz no more, with angry glance,  
Calls us to labor, and to unpaid toil.

*Malie.* The sight of Carlos, and this fresh-  
ing breeze,  
Hath much refreshed me; and unwaveringly  
My heart is fixed in confidence, that heaven

Will bring us to our rest. Ghestler, I wait  
Only the word. Iola's heart is glad;  
And well she may rejoice at sight of him  
Whom she had left behind, whom she had  
    mourned  
As one who might no more be seen on earth.  
Oh heaven be praised for all its love to these  
My children.

SCENE V.—A COTTAGE ON THE BANK OF A RIVER IN  
CANADA.

*Iola.* Oh! mother, are we here? Here, where  
    we breathe  
The blessed air of Liberty, so sweet,  
So passing sweet to our torn hearts? I gaze  
Upon this sparkling tide, hour after hour,—  
Till my eyes fail me, all o'ercharged with tears.  
I cast them upward to the smiling heaven,  
All radiant with beauty, and I read,  
Nothing but Freedom, Liberty, yea, Life!  
Is it not worth the toilsome way we've trod,  
To breathe this air? to feel this rest of soul?  
And know that ne'er again shall we behold  
The scourge, or chain, or hear the fearful voice  
Of Bandaloz?

*Matie.* Yes, daughter, it is sweet  
To feel no terror creeping o'er our souls;  
To know that we have nought of ill to fear,  
From those who late oppressed us; to cherish  
The bless'd hope of dying free; of laying  
Our poor weary limbs upon the spot where  
Dwells no base oppressor; this is worth all  
Of toil and want encountered in the woods,  
And dreary forests. I shall die happy  
Now, knowing that He who guided our frail  
Steps to this glad shore, will watch and bless you  
With a Father's tenderness.

[*Enter Ghestler, Zongola and Carlos.*]

*Zongola.* Well, mother,  
And Iola, how like you this our land?

*Carlos.* So you count this *your* land, Zongola, ha!  
How think you this would fall upon the ear  
Of Bandaloz! Would he not curse heaven  
That e'er the star in the night sky, should point  
To this bright spot of earth, and guide our feet  
To Freedom's soil?

*Zongola.* (*Laughing.*) Yes, yes, no doubt  
he would ;

But now, 'tis all in vain ! Methinks howe'er  
His memory may fail, he will not *soon*  
Forget the night that gave *you* liberty.

*Iola.* Nor shall we, *Zongola*.

*Zongola.* Well said, *Iola*.  
Doubtless 'tis treasured in your heart with more  
Of grateful love, than aught beside.

*Ghestler.* But come,  
Good mother, and *Iola*, let us know  
How you have passed the hours, since morn  
arose ?

*Malie.* All happy, *Ghestler*. God hath filled  
our cup  
With choicest gifts. We have been praising  
heaven  
For all its love to us while journeying  
Through the wilderness ; and oft we breathe  
The prayer that you, my son, may yet believe  
In Him who comforteth the sorrowing  
Of earth, and bids them joy in hope of heavenly  
Rest.

*Iola.* Yes, Ghestler will, I know, remember  
All his love, and pour his soul an offering  
Unto heaven!

*Carlos.* So it shall be, Iola.

*Zongola.* Amen! Then shall we be that  
family  
Which nought may sever.

*Malie.* Nought, my sweet children.  
Already do I feel, that he who gave  
Me all of love and pleasure I possess,  
Will guide us to one home,—one joyous, bright,  
Yea, everlasting rest.





## THE REFUGEE MOTHER IN CANADA

BY SARAH DYMOND.

Victoria! Oh Victoria,  
Queen of the brave and free!  
We come from the land of scourge and chain,  
And tell our griefs to thee;  
Through many a dark and dreary wild,  
With beating hearts we come,  
And here, beneath thy gentle sway,  
We find a quiet home.

Oh! thou hast riven *thy* bondmen's chain,  
Hast set *thy* captives free;  
And thou dost still a home provide  
For the wandering refugee;  
For though a crown adorns thy brow,  
Thy heroes all are brave,  
Thou carest still for the poor and wrong'd,  
Thou pitiest still the slave.

Then hear, thou royal lady, hear  
The tale of the refugee;



Look on thy own young child, and list  
With patient ear to me :  
*I* am a mother too,—my heart,  
Like thine, with love o'erflows ;  
*Thou* know'st a mother's joys, but *I*  
Only a mother's woes.

Beneath a bright Virginian sky,  
My precious babe was born;  
Her father ne'er embraced his child,  
For, on that fatal morn,  
An Alabamian dealer came,  
And culled from the doom'd band  
The father of my babe, and bore  
Him to that heav'n cursed land.

Oh! as I mourned my husband long,  
No joy my hours beguiled ;  
I knew I ne'er should see him more,  
Nor he his new-born child.  
I did not know, as day by day,  
I wept his doom,—so soon  
As one brief year had wheeled its course,  
His fate should mark my own.

The trader came his annual round,—  
I held my first-born child ;  
And as I clasped it to my breast,  
The unconscious infant smiled :  
His choice was made ; but as he came  
The price of blood to pay,  
Me, weeping sore, he took, but gave  
My darling babe away.

Then, in that moment's agony,  
I seized my child and fled,  
And in a neighboring forest dark,  
I laid my aching head.  
I rose,—and by the moon's bless'd light,  
With breathless haste I ran ;  
Each rustling leaf seemed the blood-hound's step,  
Each tree, a mounted man.

The God I loved, preserved me then  
Through many a weary day ;  
And many a night, with toilsome step,  
I held my quiet way.  
Once as I lay beneath a shade,  
Concealed from passers by,  
I listened with deep fear, and heard  
Some steps approaching nigh.

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And near, and nearer still they came—  
I had no power to flee—  
I laid my babe beneath the bush,  
And bent upon my knee;  
I told my woes and fears to Him  
Who hears the negro's prayer,  
And in that last extremity,  
He saved me from despair.

The white man came,—Oh, with what fear  
I gazed upon his face!  
But only kindness there, did I  
With anxious vision trace.  
Who has not heard of *Fuller's* name,  
*Friend* of the refugee?  
He came with fostering care to save  
My darling babe and me.

O, then, I had a joyful road—  
He took my child and me;  
He bore us to his own fair home,  
Home of the refugee;  
Beneath his hospitable roof  
We spent one happy day,  
The next all clad, and guarded well,  
He sent us on our way.

And here we are, Victoria!

As free as thought can be;

May we be thy peculiar care—

And every refugee.

We will be loyal to thy crown,

We'll pray for thee and thine,—

And wilt thou teach our darkened minds

To know the will Divine?

## MARY S. PARKER.

There are few persons, who have been for any length of time interested in the cause of the oppressed Slave, who were not more or less acquainted with the individual whose name stands at the head of this article. Numerous are the testimonials that have reached us in relation to her since her decease. Of her devotion to the cause of the slave, and her deep interest in the various benevolent operations of the present day, thousands are witnesses. She was indeed *justly* esteemed and loved by all who had the privilege of an acquaintance with her. Some months before her death, she left Boston, and became deeply interested in the cause of Moral Reform, and labored in connection with the American Moral Reform Society. The following extract from the "Advocate of Moral Reform," cannot fail to interest the friends of the cause.

Few "knew thee but to love thee,  
Or named thee but to praise."

Truly may it be said "Death loves a shining mark." He has taken a devoted and useful

Christian from a promising field of labor, into which she had just entered, with high hopes and expectations of success, and a loved and valued sister from a circle of relatives and friends who can never cease to deplore her loss.

Our own personal acquaintance with Miss P., though comparatively brief, was peculiarly intimate and endearing. We had long known and admired her character as an untiring and energetic laborer in another department of the vineyard—but it was not until she came among us as a member of the Visiting Committee of this Society, that we knew how justly she was entitled to the respect and confidence awarded her by the community. Her character was a rare compound of feeling and judgment—of retiring delicacy and Christian faithfulness—of sweet humility, and heroic boldness in defending the cause of truth—of feminine reserve, and unconquerable energy and perseverance. She entered into the work of “home missions” in this city with her characteristic zeal, and prosecuted it for several months, though even then suffering under the incipient stages of the disease which carried her to the grave.

She was a wise and prudent counsellor, accustomed to take enlarged and far-reaching views, and fearless of consequences when once the *right* was ascertained.

In private life, our departed sister shone with uncommon lustre. "In her lips was the law of kindness," and the heart of those favored with her friendship, safely trusted in her. Her gentle and unassuming deportment won for her the esteem and affection which were increased and strengthened by farther acquaintance with her numerous virtues. But her crowning excellence was consistent, devoted piety. At all times, in all places and situations, she was a *Christian*—not in name only, but in deed and in truth. Her religion was eminently practical, and led her constantly to inquire what the Saviour who died for her, would have her to do in his cause. When once the path of duty was ascertained, no trials or discouragements caused her to waver or turn aside. Her example of patient endurance and perseverance in well-doing, under reproach and obloquy, is a precious legacy to all who are bearing the burden and heat of the day, in any portion of the field.

We mourn for the loss sustained by the church and the world in this dispensation, but we rejoice that another combatant is crowned victor, and has ascended to her Father and our Father—to her God, and our God. May we all be followers of them, that through faith and patience are inheriting the promises, that in due time we also may share their glorious reward!

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## STANZAS.

SUGGESTED BY HEARING OF THE DEATH OF MARY  
S. PARKER.

*“The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance.”*

BY M. V. B.

They tell me, sister, that thou hast fled  
To the land, where the silvery tide  
Is rolling fresh from the crystal bed,  
Where the pride of the Lamb abide!  
They say that never again may we hear  
Thy voice, so gentle and sweet—  
That thine eye with a radiance all its own,  
No more our own shall greet.



They say that thou dwellest where breezes soft  
Fan the good and the loved of earth,  
Where the curse of the Lord is forever removed  
And day hath an endless birth.  
They say that thy robes are snowy white,  
All washed in the blood of the Slain,  
Like those the Beloved of the Saviour saw  
While banished on Patmos' plain.

They say that before the azure throne,  
Thou bendest a seraph now;  
That the Lamb with the light of his radiant face  
Hath chased from thy lovely brow,  
Each sorrow and care,—and bade thee weep  
No more, while eternity rolls  
Its endless tide from his own pure throne,  
Or heaven its beauty unfolds!

They say that thou wavest a fadeless palm,  
And a harp from whose golden string,  
Flows music, far sweeter than David poured  
In the halls of the envious king.  
Yes, yes, thou hast fled, and we joy to know  
That thine eye, oft dimmed with tears,  
Will never again commingle with ours  
In this shadowy vale of fears.

We gaze on the bright and *martyr path*,  
Thy spirit hath trod with haste ;  
On the toilsome hours for the bondman passed,  
Who pines in Slavery's waste.  
Thy name, with the holiest loves we own,  
Entwined shall be,—nor ever,  
Till we walk those azure depths with thee,  
Shall our inmost spirits sever !

## LETTER FROM THOMAS CLARKSON.

The following letter has been received by the Society, from the venerable Thomas Clarkson. Knowing that many would feel it a privilege to peruse his words, we insert a large portion of the same.

MY ESTEEMED FRIEND,—

Your letter gave me great pleasure, when I learnt from it that your Committee “*was pressing onwards* in the cause of the helpless captive.” *Now* is the time (when the feeling for his wretched situation is so generally spread abroad,) *for all* to make one grand effort for his deliverance.

I feel myself obliged to your Committee for the interest they take in my life, and for their earnest prayers for the continuance of it. Alas! I am sorry to say, that if your prayers are even successful, I could *now* be but of little further use to the sacred cause. *My day*, as it relates to work, is *now over*. I am in the *eighty-second* year of my age. My nervous system is shattered to pieces, and I am besides encom-

passed with infirmities which belong to our nature in advanced years. I cannot therefore repine at the common lot of humanity, but am thankful, truly thankful to God, for having spared my life so long as to see the whole civilized world taking up our cause, and your own and other Societies in the United States, laboring for the same great object. Indeed from what I have already seen, and from what I now see, I shall depart this life with the full belief, that our great cause is *now* in the hands of God himself to *perfect* it, either in mercy or in judgment, and that he has willed that this "abomination of desolation" should cease even in our days, and that the work already begun is *now in progress*; but, my dear friends, let us not relax in our exertions on that account. The Almighty makes use of human agency to accomplish his will, and let us glory in being his agents.

I wrote lately a letter to the clergy of the Southern States, which is to be re-printed in America, and which is now probably in your hands. It is the last work I can ever undertake. I have therefore poured into it *my whole soul*, as far as feeble years would permit.

You must excuse some blunders in this letter, as I am *nearly blind*, and cannot see always where I direct my pen.

I am, my dear friend, with affectionate remembrance to the Females of your Committee,

Yours truly,

THOMAS CLARKSON.

*Playford Hall, near Ipswich, Suffolk, July 7, 1841.*

## THE FUGITIVE'S WELCOME.

BY MRS. J. M. POND.

O say, weary one, dost thou flee from the land  
Oppression has rendered so drear?  
Hast thou severed thyself from the family band,  
From the wife of thy bosom most dear?

The Saviour has watched o'er thy perilous way,  
His hand hath conducted thee on,—  
And now in his name, we would cordially say,  
As a *brother*, *we welcome thee home*.

There is joy in our midst, for the soul that is sad;  
Here are friends that would rescue and save;—  
And words of sweet comfort, and smiles that  
    make glad  
The heart of the sorrowful slave.

Dost thou sigh for thy loved one, left cheerless  
    and lone,  
And weep that she cannot be free?  
The low winds of evening shall whisper thy moan,  
And waft her a message from thee.

Bid them tell her that light is beginning to dawn,  
That a day of redemption is *near*!  
For e'en from the "bar," to the nurs'ry maid's  
    song,  
The claims of the Captive we hear.

An Adams, a Slade, and a Morris can plead  
The cause of the poor and oppress'd;  
And the music that comes from the Isles of the  
    *freed,*  
*Is breaking the slaveholder's rest.*

"The Lord is not slack"—he will visit this land!  
Is he not, even *now* on his way?  
His angels are clad, and in readiness stand,  
His fearful commands to obey.

"O God, to whom vengeance belongeth," forbear!  
Speak the word—and oppression shall cease;  
Let our nation be changed in answer to prayer,  
To a nation of freedom and peace.

The following articles are from the hearts of *little English children*, forwarded us by the kindness of one of our Transatlantic correspondents. We say from the *hearts*, for childhood itself feels that *mind* is free, and that he who attempts to enslave another, commits a sin against God and humanity. With one word of alteration, we exclaim in the language of another, "The offerings of a child are sweeter than the incense of Persia proffered to the sun;—yes, more delicious than odors wafted from a field of Arabian spices by the western gales."

## MIND IS FREE.

BY E. B.

Armed in freedom's noble cause,  
The heart escapes proud tyrant's laws,  
Nor can frail earthly fetters bind  
By cruel force the noble mind.  
A winged soul doth chains defy,  
And find its anchor sure on high;  
*Religion* gives the Captive scope  
'Mid galling chains to find his *hope*,  
And with oppression's iron rod,  
May find sweet refuge in his God.



## COMPASSION.

BY A LITTLE GIRL ELEVEN YEARS OF AGE.

“Slavery is a bitter draught,”  
With care and sorrow it is fraught,  
Though slavery brings sorrow to the mind,  
Yet the slave “refuge in his God” may find.

He loves as well as white men do,  
His nation and his country too ;  
The slave has mind unlike a brute,  
Then cultivate kind nature’s fruit.”

## THE SLAVE AUCTION.

BY REV. CHARLES W. DENISON.

“For sale, slaves, horses, and other cattle.”—*Southern Advertisement.*

“Also, a LIBRARY of a miscellaneous character, chiefly THEOLOGICAL.

## 27 NEGROES,

Some of them very prime, two mules, one horse, and an old wagon.”—*Advertisement of the Estate of the late RICHARD FURMAN, D. D., of S. C.*

“Also, a young mother, with a lot of fine children.”

*Passim.*

The shambles are all set around, and now the  
slaves are brought

From groaning market fastnesses, into the open  
court.

Rap! rap! rap! rap! the hammer goes, and hark!  
the auctioneer

Rings out his call for customers, in accents strong  
and clear:

“Come, walk up, gentlemen! and see what bargains I have got—

Walk up this way and look at them ; they are a glorious lot !”

And now they lead them to the stands, before the rabble crowd,

The mother’s head hung down in tears, the children crying loud.

Up step the buyers, merrily, to gaze upon them there,

And ever and anon a laugh breaks on the mourning air.

In every part they mark the lot, to catch defective points,

And some seize hold with iron grasps, and press the yielding joints ;

The form—the eye—the step—the voice—are gauged and measured all,

And now again the salesman sounds his loud and heartless call :

“ Walk up ! walk up ! who bids ? how much ?  
Come, start me at them, now !”

And as he spoke, a fiendish smile lit up his sal-low brow.

“ They’re going ! going ! cheap as dogs : who bids for them ? how much ?

Of all the thousand lots I’ve sold, I never offered such !

## THE SLAVE AUCTION.

Come, going! going! gentlemen: Hey! ‘Beauty’  
stand up here,  
And let us take a look of you, and your pretty  
little dear!”

Forth from the throng the mother stepped, her  
infant in her arms,  
A woman white as he who sold—a double slave  
in charms:—

“How much for these? who bids? how much?  
five hundred dollars, say?

Three thousand would not buy them, were not  
sheriffs here to-day!

Six hundred; that is right, good sir! too cheap at  
that by half!

Seven! eight! nine! ten! ah! that’s the word!  
It makes my hammer laugh!

A thousand dollars for the two—and well may I  
say two—

They’re worth two thousand—every cent—or  
they’re not worth a *sous*.

One thousand dollars! going! quick! can’t dwell!  
speak quick! and ten!

And ten!—and twenty! that’s it gents! you talk  
it up like men!

Can't wait! who bids? how much? speak quick!  
and twenty-five! no more?

Why! fifteen hundred is my price, and not a  
farthing lower!

Look at that woman! See that child!—and thirty!  
—thirty-five!

She is as sound as beautiful—and both of them  
will thrive!

Come, gents! they're going! going! quick!—and  
forty—that is well!

Pshaw! I can't think for such a price so fine a  
pair to sell!

And forty-five!—and fifty!—going!—going!—  
GONE!

Who is the buyer? Ah! I see: each deer should  
have his fawn!"

Just then the former owner passed, with slow and  
pompous pace,

And as he came, the mother raised the infant to  
his face;

As still he strutted on in front, with step of  
power and pride,

With look and voice of scorn and grief the blush-  
ing woman cried:

“There’s one thing more, my master, that has  
not yet been known—

*The children you have sold with me, are all of  
them your own!”*

LINES TO THOMAS CLARKSON, ESQ.

BY L. M. BALL.

Humanity, thou hast a name  
Emblazoned on the scroll of fame,  
A name that ne'er shall pass away,  
Though earth with all its thrones decay.  
Say, reader, would'st thou scan that name?  
Cast o'er the wave to yonder fane,  
Thine eye,—where all in living light  
Is seen a form, whose locks, though white  
With age, yet from whose beaming eye  
Shines forth that fire which ne'er will die.  
Though suns and planets disappear,  
All shall admire, all shall revere.  
The spotless Clarkson,—for his name  
Stands *first* upon the scroll of fame!

*Boston, Oct. 1841.*

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO THE AMERICAN DELEGATES, WHO ATTENDED THE ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION, HELD IN LONDON, IN 1840.

BY H. R.

May Justice and Mercy your efforts inducing,  
Bring Peace to your bosoms when far o'er the  
wave;

You have sought your own homes where true  
hearts are producing

Kind Sympathy's hopes for the suffering slave!

Do you ask our assistance?—then may it be given,  
With feelings to which only hearts can respond;  
The Christian may hail it as Heaven's commis-  
sion,

And the earth-ward bound spirit as Nature's  
demand.

Here intellect's powers, and the soul's deepest  
breathings,

Have mingled in one o'er the woes of our kind,



And the father's, the husband's and patriot's feelings,

Have given full force to the promptings of mind.

And in ages to come, when the heart's deep emotion

Has ceased, and the wronged and pleader are one,

Your children's children shall hear with devotion,  
The names of the Victors who Victory won.

But not this your reward—far higher awaits you,

Where Fame and Ambition, alike are unknown;

Where the warrior with joy shall each weapon  
relinquish

For the breast-plate of Peace and the Amaranth Crown!

*Bath, (Eng.) 11 mo. 12, 1840.*

## SLAVERY.

BY H. R.

To the mind which prejudice has not biassed, to the judgment which interest has not warped, and, ere they have been blunted by familiarity with crime, to those holy feelings of our nature which bind men as one family to each other, the sin of Slavery must appear one of the deepest abominations that ever found resting-place in the heart of man,—one of the foulest streams that ever had origin in that impure and polluted source.

But alas! so fearful is the triumph of evil over good, and of the mean, unworthy motives of prejudice and interest, over those which are noble, just, and generous, that the monster Tyranny has stalked unmasked before the world, gloried in his iniquity, and bid scornful defiance to any attempt at the rescue of his victims.

Nor have vice and infamy alone, been his supporters ; professed piety and honor have refused to anathematize the accursed thing. But praise be to Him whose “ways are past finding out,”

a brighter day has dawned, revealing the works of darkness in all their horrid deformity. The cry of the bondsman has been heard, thrilling our hearts to their inmost centres, and arousing our slumbering energies—and the echo has thundered back on the oppressors to let the oppressed go free. And where the loud call is spurned, tremble, proud tyrant, for the day of retribution, when thou and thy suffering victim shall stand impartially before Him, who, as he was once your Saviour, shall be your Judge, and “verily there is no respect of persons with him.” And thou despised and afflicted one, remember that while man is powerful, God is omnipotent, and that the commission is still going forth “to preach deliverance to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound.”

*Bath, 11 mo. 12, 1840.*

## THE LIBERTY BANNER.

In January last, by a vote of the Massachusetts Female Emancipation Society, a Banner was prof-fered to the town in the Tenth Congressional Dis-trict which should cast the largest proportionate number of votes for the Liberty Party's candidate. The town of Berkley won the Banner; and on the 17th of last June it was presented to the noble men who stood erect in the political whirlwind that swept over our country, at the time of the last Presidential election.

The manner of presentation was as follows :— On the 17th of June, (the day which is celebra-ted in memory of the battle of Bunker Hill,) the friends of Freedom in Berkley thought that they could not render more effectual service to the cause of Freedom, than by having an Anti-Slavery gath-ering. Accordingly a meeting was appointed, and the spacious and commodious meeting-house was filled to overflowing, both morning and afternoon, with the most eager and attentive listeners. In the afternoon, after the singing of a hymn, written for the occasion by a member of the Massachusetts F.

E. Society, the Rev. Nathaniel Colver, on behalf of the Massachusetts F. E. Society, gave the Banner into the hands of the Rev. Thomas Andros, a soldier of the revolution, who had been appointed to receive it by the voters of Berkley.

The presentation was followed by a long and deeply interesting speech, which was received by the audience with the most enthusiastic cheering. Mr. Andros replied with feelings of deep emotion, and more than once was the tear seen to steal down his care-worn cheek, while every heart felt the mighty weight attached to words falling from those lips, which had ever breathed of Freedom, and for which he had sacrificed much of health and comfort.

It was indeed a goodly sight to behold the venerable Andros, with his locks white with age, displaying "before the people" that Banner, which we trust will one day wave over the Capitol. Long live those noble souled men, who, despising the petty trickery of "party," stood forth for the defence of the inalienable rights of ALL!

As some of our friends desire a description of the Banner, we append the following:—It is

made of pure white satin. The face presents the goddess of Liberty, holding the staff of Freedom with her right hand, while her left touches a shield. Floating in the breeze at the head of the staff is a pennant, on which are inscribed the words of Cowper, "*I go to make Freemen of Slaves!*" On the shield is written, "One shall chase a thousand;" while at the feet of the goddess are marked in letters of gold, the words of the sweet singer of Israel, "Thou hast given a Banner unto them that fear thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth."

The reverse of the Banner has the Liberty Party's emblem, the beautiful, fragrant, and ever-enduring Cedar of Lebanon, under which is found, "The righteous shall grow like a Cedar in Lebanon." The whole is encircled with a superb, gold colored fringe and tassels.

The ladies of Berkley were deeply interested on the occasion, and displayed much taste in erecting arches of flowers, and ornamenting the house with garlands of roses and evergreen, so that it was literally filled with perfume from heaven's own breath.

## TO JOSEPH STURGE, ESQ.

BY A MEMBER OF THE MASS. F. E. SOCIETY.

When the ear thine accents heard,  
Then it blest thee for the word;  
When the eye beheld thy face  
Beaming with benignant grace,—  
Then arose from sire and son,  
Youth and maid, with voice as one,  
Blessings for the gifts of heaven,  
By thy hand so freely given.

In those Islands of the Free,  
Where the song of Jubilee  
Floats upon each spicy gale,  
Waking echoing hill and dale,  
There the Negro bows the knee,  
Breathing words of peace to Thee,  
And each lisping babe and mother,  
Joy to call thee, *Friend* and Brother.

Memory ever fresh shall keep  
All thine acts of love, and deep

In each Freeman's soul shall dwell,  
Thoughts of Thee, whose magic spell,  
Shall awake to ceaseless toil,  
All the good of every soil,  
While *Columbia's* sons of need,  
Own thee for a FRIEND, indeed!



## THE BALLOT BOX.

BY L. A. SMITH.

A revolutionary soldier stood beside the ballot box. Thoughtful he stood and gazed upon the thronging multitude. A young man came to him and asked if he would vote for Harrison and Tyler. "For Harrison and Tyler," cried the soldier, "slave-holding Tyler! Never." Indignantly he spurned the proffered vote, and raising his tall form to its full height, exclaimed, "a Northern laborer vote for slavery!—a Northern laborer vote for unpaid toil and fettered limbs! May his hand perish, if he thus betray the bondman. The ballot box is Freedom's altar. O come not here to sanction slavery! Go down to Southern blood-stained fields, there chain immortal souls, and drive them to the field like brutes. Aye, seize the driver's lash, and scourge to death your helpless victims. But come not to the ballot box, to vote for chains and fetters. A holy thing is Liberty. Profane not thus her sacred shrine. Your fathers fought, and bled, and died, to win for you a rich inheritance—a precious

legacy—the priceless ballot box; but ye are bartering it for gold. Oh, shameful avarice; for paltry gold ye sell your country's freedom. Shame on America! she fought for liberty, and holds in slavery groaning millions! Are ye not riveting chains and fetters on yourselves and on your children? Oh, rouse ye, ere it be too late. Methinks even now I hear the fetters clank—methinks, even now, I see the falling lash, and Southern masters driving Northern yeomen to the Ballot Box!”

*Glastenbury, Conn., 1841.*

## THE FREED CAPTIVE.

BY S. P. H.

Oh! God, I am free,  
My limbs are unbound;  
My shackles have fell  
On this holy ground.

Here, never is shed  
The Captive's lone tear;  
Oppression's base tread  
Shall never come near.

No! men are not here  
By brothers fast bound;  
Here the lash and the chain  
Shall never be found.

Yes, yes, I am free!  
And far, far away,  
The hunters may speed  
In search of their prey.

Back, back, they may go,  
My peril is o'er;





My feet they have touched  
Fair Liberty's shore!

Now, joyous my heart  
With rapture doth swell,  
The Captive's last tear,  
In bondage hath fell!

*Boston*, 1841.

